

Writings 34

WRITINGS 1992

6 November thru 14 December

CEREBRAL REFLECTIONS

M2864

6 November 1992 page 1

530PM → And so it begins, yet another opening chapter of an opening book in a new series of diaries. I will skip the nonsense of introduction. All that needs to be written as an introduction to this period of my existence is:

1) As of October 31, 1992 I have been occupying a state house at Monmouth Battlefield State Park. My being housed in such a structure is a real breakthrough for a Maintenance Worker I. In only 3 years the state has set me up with a position in the community that will make self preservation probable - as long as I budget my income wisely.

2) Sherry and I hope to become life long partners in a sanctified marriage, but we are also experiencing the little needles from our conflicts.

3) Because Sherry leaves me cold inside sometimes, I have had to return to Schopenhauer's Doctrine in order to regain some of the great peace I may lose if I forget his deep insights.

I certainly do not read like I did before meeting Sherry, but I will try to keep some intellectual awareness in the midst of the confusing emotions that are triggered by my relationship with Sherry.

I don't think I want to deny the will to live, but as long as I am in the process of being the will to live (self preservation, my desires for Sherry, my instinctive awareness of the urgency of creating the next generation), I still want to understand the pessimistic philosophy so as not to be frustrated when the suffering of existence resonates within my soul.

6 November 1992 page 2

How relaxing it is not to commute at all to work. I used to ride my bicycle to work only three and a half years ago. The drive ^{to Cheesecake} was a half an hour, and the only way I stayed relaxed was to leave one hour before 8 am. I purchased the VW Rabbit to save fuel. I purchased the VW Jetta because the Rabbit was dying. I needed the car to keep the job. I needed the car for self preservation.

It is very convenient with my lodgings right next door to our WORK SHOP. I come home for food. This makes self preservation more economically manageable. I can plan my meals, eat left overs, and utilize one food surplus instead of "WORK food" vs "food for home".

The end of the day is the best. There is no "warming up the vehicle".

9:30 pm → I cannot blame Sherry for her strong fear of "my books" for the most sacred texts in my library are Schopenhauer's works. She instinctively knows that his philosophy mocks our love and condemns me to an existence of reproduction.

Let us look back at my discovery of Schopenhauer from a book by Will Durant. Claire had given me the book back in 1984, but I only discovered Schopenhauer's section in April of 1991.

On April 26, 1991 I wrote in my diary: "Schopenhauer is a dangerously intelligent philosopher who rebels against the trap of reproduction!"

I then write a paragraph from his writings. (see next page).

SCHOPENHAUER

SPEAKS: "Obviously, the only final and radical conquest of the will to live must lie in stopping the source of life - the will to reproduce. Let men recognize the snare that lies in a woman's beauty, and the absurd comedy of reproduction will end.

The development of intelligence will weaken or frustrate the will to reproduce, and will thereby at last achieve the extinction of the race."

I discovered Schopenhauer in April of 1991. See "Meditations of a Hermit Book Twenty Three". It was just after Grandpa Hentrich died. It coincided with my final rejection of the Alcoholics Anonymous Cult. My mind needed Schopenhauer. His philosophy made me feel at ease with my isolation and my pessimistic view of existence.

14 November page 6

Over the next year I read all of Schopenhauer's major works. I also read all of Nietzsche's and the heart of Immanuel Kant's. I had left AA for good. I was only reading Kant so as to fulfil the demands Schopenhauer gave to his readers, and I was to return to his Doctrine just after reading the books by Kant.

What transpired back in June/July of this year is that Sherry and I fell in love - and we have been attached ever since. We have developed a relationship that could easily produce the next Hentrich generation.

The reason for this chapter is to continue ... to blend my past and present into the future.

All through my readings of Kant, I was anxious to get back to The World as Will and Representation, especially the fourth book concerning the affirmation and the denial of the will to live.

My meeting and courting and copulating with Sherry has been an interlude that would have totally removed me from my path if not for my diaries.

I feel a sense of duty to remain connected to the author of my writings. I was up to something.

I was involved in an intense study of one of the greatest minds, I was on a Quest for Metaphysical Knowledge!

In April of 1992 - a year from my discovery of Schopenhauer, I had declared several books by KANT

14 November page 7

and several books by Schopenhauer to be "My Bible".

Well, I would like to put Kant on the shelf as I just don't have the time or patience for his difficult terminology. I will not call the Works by Schopenhauer "My Bible" — or will I?

Why not? He writes TRUTH.

Even if I cannot follow his counsel, at least I will remain enlightened amongst the ups and downs of the trials of life.

I had read Schopenhauer's works between April 1991 and October 1991. Then I read Nietzsche, then Kant. This means it has been over a year since I read Schopenhauer's Doctrine!

I know a second reading of his works is long overdue. I thought I had all the time in the world: work in the day, then write, then eat, then walk, then read, then sleep, then work, etc...

But the will to live is not merely SELF PRESERVATION. It is also PROPAGATION OF THE RACE; and where the first is manifested as hunger, the second is manifested as the sexual impulse. I also might add to the sex impulse the great emotional security experienced while embraced in holding Sherry.

I feel safe enough with Sherry to finally reapproach Schopenhauer's books. If I had done so back

14 November page 8
in July, I would have frightened her
away; but I am confident that
she is well aware of my attachment
to her and that I will continue
my STUDIES with a Beginners Mind.

This is not AN INTENSE STUDY where
I abstain from sex and live the chaste
lifestyle of a saint. This will be
a ~~a~~ MODERATE STUDY OF SCHOPENHAUER'S
DOCTRINE.

It is MY BIBLE because I find
it to be HONEST. I will not force
myself to read straight through because
I have a commitment to be
Sherry's male partner, to comfort
and protect her, to CARE for her.
She is a woman who demands a [soulmate].

I am still a philosopher, and although a philosopher lives almost a monastic existence, I find myself passionately and continually longing to be with my soulmate whose name is Sherry.

I understand why Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Plato, Kant, etc. never married. The intellectual life deserves much solitude in order to develop; but I do not desire to sacrifice the great comfort Sherry brings into my cerebral existence.

My actual heart is warmed by her tenderness, by her reliance on me for emotional security.

I find myself at times grateful for time in solitude, when I can catch up on reading old notebooks and Schopenhauer's philosophy. This gratefulness eventually gives way to a longing to hold she who came to

philosopher, I face a perplexing situation. Although I have done well to plant myself in an everyday job which helps to conceal my true psychic identity, my meeting Sherry has shook my mind to its roots. My leisure time is devoted to kindling the fire of our souls' marriage.

I ask myself, "If a genuine philosophic spirit were to also have a soulmate, would it be comical as Nietzsche proclaims, or would it not bring the philosopher to a more intimate relation to mankind? Like a god taking human form, the philosopher in love also faces the fate of the human psyche."

25 November page 3

me as though from an invisible world beyond the fabric of reality. All those desperate prayers cast out into the cold universe had reached a destination. I thought those prayers evaporated into nothingness, and I thought my desires for a soulmate had likewise vanished.

Yet, as soon as I understood that Sherry very seriously stood before me with real needs and desires, all those suppressed desires in me were violently awakened. Gradually I have grown to love her deeply.

For months I had forgotten my vocation and inclination to study Schopenhauer's philosophy. Now that I ever so slowly attempt to reestablish my position in the cosmic order as a

Even though I have a strong work ethic, because of the conditioning I recieved in my "hypnosis/education", I have also aquired a slave mentality which sometimes says "IF YOU DON'T WHIP ME, I WON'T WORK".

With no time clock to report to, and with a supervisor who is himself habitually tardy, it takes discipline to report to work on time. What is it that forces me to report to work at all?

Not only the food I get from the local markets, but the very shelter I inhabit is granted to me under the condition that I am employed by this Park. I understand the biological demands direct my mind to honor the ritual of reporting to work and functioning properly.

(NOON
THURSDAY)

M2863

26 November 1992

I went to sleep at 3AM and was out of bed by 10AM eating bacon and pancakes, drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes. I had recaptured some of the initial awe of my good fortune to be dwelling here at the Tark House when I took a walk outdoors to lock the gate at 2AM.

The more I think about it, the more Sherry's brother Craig is right in saying I should hold off on procreation and enjoy my present, newly acquired lifestyle. Procreation would put me in the poor house. My intellectual life would suffer. Presently I have the best of both worlds: the companionship of a loving, affectionate young woman as well as a developed intellect hungry to continue its study of Schopenhauer's Philosophy.

after breakfast I continued reading the fourth section of WHR. I am comprehending it easily, which increases my confidence that my intelligence is more advanced than my position in society would reflect it to be.

If I were to begin writing a book, I believe it would not be a solely original work, but would be a discussion of The Fourfold Root, the two volumes of WWR, and the Pessimists Handbook.

I would type it and store it away in a box. I would peck away at it over the years and I would try to publish it before my death.

It would be NON academic, a lay man's impression of Schopenhauer's Philosophy; and I may name this proposed life work of mine, SUICIDAL NIHILISM, THE PROBLEM OF EXISTENCE, or PERMENANT IMPRESSIONS (Left on my thought processes by the dark color of Schopenhauer's Philosophy).

Now I will bath and dress for a Thanksgiving Dinner at Sherry's, after which we will go to my sisters for desert and a game of "Taboo". We will then spend the night together in the Tark House.

(1145PM)
SUNDAY

Before I go to sleep, resting my bones before a day working with my father, I want to record some of what was said between Sherry and I in case one of us is abruptly taken from this phenomenal world.

Our lives are fragile. All we do is very urgent, necessary, and serious.

We work to eat and shelter our selves from the elements. We are constantly maintaining our existence in order to continue breathing. Dangers surround us.

Sherry said that what frightens her about how powerful her love is for me is the reversal of the comfort my presence gives her: the pain of my absence, and the nightmare of a passion gone sour — or one's soulmate taken by Death. The reason I kiss her so much is because I understand how delicate our existence is. Even with philosophical insight into the metaphysics of sexual love, I am still filled with these feelings for Sherry no matter what the cause is.

This is why I was compelled to stop
obsessing about our future together.
It is an impossibility to exist in
the future. We only exist in the
present, and the present is continuously
dying - becoming the past, memory.

Death is certain. Do we realize we
are fighting death when we put food
into our jaws? Do we realize we
are struggling to keep BREATHING when
we report to work Monday morning?

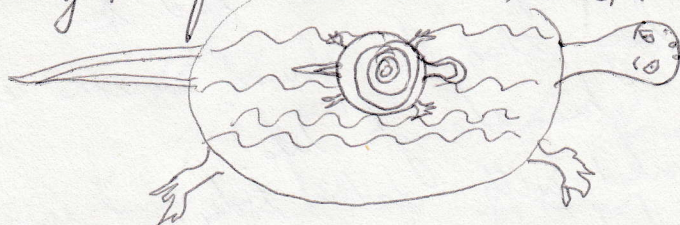
I know Sherry believes she, we,
all of us are here to learn and
teach, that there is a REASON why
we exist.

The question is not why we are here,
but THAT we are here and "WHAT are
we?". We, each of us, is life
itself constantly striving. If striving
ends, life surely ends. So we are
BIOLOGICALLY driven to exist. Sherry
comforts me, but the human condition remains.

I hope I can remain thick skinned
and allow the little pains of interaction
with my female partner slide off my
back like water rolling off a ducks
back.

Times like this I feel lonely in
my own house. I feel lonely even
though Sherry is ~~on~~ here with me.

She is with me, but she distances
herself from me because I am
straight forward and honest.



So I will now head into my
bedroom and listen to my messages;
and I will realize that I am
living in my skin. I will want
to remain loyal to my self.

I must find COMFORT within my
own psyche as there will be
moments when Sherry will leave me
cold. Why must life be so burdensome?

M2867

1 December 1992

7AM TUESDAY

It is impossible to exist in the future. The future actually does not exist. The future is not a reality we experience except in abstract concepts. As for the past, it is but a memory; and the present continuously becomes the past. Hence, the only real existence is the ever ebbing present which flows like a river.

Even this present immediately becomes the past just as instantaneously as it became the present.

An unimaginable amount of years has passed; an infinity has already passed. The vastness of time and space are unfathomable. And yet the ever pressing demands of our biological self drives us to strive to postpone its death, to maintain its existence.

Everything is ritual. Waking up from the sound sleep, pouring coffee, drinking coffee, throwing water on face and over hair, eating food purchased from store, brushing teeth, putting clothes on, reporting to work, coming home, collecting money from employer, going to the bank, going to the store, etc.

Ritual is the COSMIC ORDER.

1150PM
trans
sleep
Note
on
930
just
boa
thou
she
did
her
she
unl
her
to
care
the
me
the
re
w
h
mig

Last night when I went into the bedroom Sherry got off the phone. She asked me if I was mad at her, I told her honestly, "yes, but I don't know why."

She went on to complain that I did not like what she liked, that I was closed minded to "the club music she liked", "dancing", "horses". I responded by telling her that no two individuals are alike, and that I am very much an INDIVIDUAL. I am honest, and as far as tastes go, likes/dislikes, how could one be anything but honest? Do I need to alter my very taste? Do I not know myself, know my character, my inner nature? Am I not true to my self?

Then came a series of body movements which simultaneously inflicted pain on my heart as well as Sherry's. It went on until I broke out in a passionate speech with great honesty. I asked her where the pain was coming from and why couldn't we fight it? I then asked if I could make love to her, and for the next hour we gently made tender, passionate love until we collapsed. Wonder at the universe.

1150PM WEDNESDAY

M2868

2 December 1992

I feel inner peace, calmness, and tranquility. When I got home from work I was sleepy, hungry, and disoriented. I read some of Notebook 28 (Meditations of a Hermit) but fell asleep on the sofa. I ate, and Sherry called at 930pm. She wanted me to come over, but I just wanted to rest, relax, and allow my body time to just be off.

Sherry said she panicked today at the thought of our relationship going sour. Did she contemplate my meeting another woman? Did she wonder how it would be for her to move into the Tark House? Was she overwhelmed by the fact that it is unlikely that I will ever dance with her at some club? What would cause her to panic? I wonder.

As long as I concentrate on taking care of my daily needs, I can enjoy the temporary security have having these needs satisfied. I am now in the position that Lisa was in, as I am the TENANT renting this house - whereas with Lisa I was just her border. I often wonder how Sherry feels sleeping beside me at night. Does my independance invoke her to

regard me as being able to exist without her - and if so, does this intimidate her or just compel her to be more respectful?

When with Lisa I would prowled into her room at night, and I knew I was passing through; but the woods, the house, the smell of the laundry, she in her bathrobe ... it all blended together. The entire landscape seemed one mind, and it was all connected to her body; invisible fibers connected the woods and sky to her body, her PRESENCE.

The mushrooms showed me in detail who LISA was. They explained that I was just passing through, that I had met LISA and the landscape was all apart of the memory her presence would impress into my psyche.

So I wonder how my PRESENCE is perceived by Sherry. Is it as mystical and psychedelic? Am I able to send/transmit messages to Sherry psychically? Is my PRESENCE hypnotic?

2 December page 2

I hope my presence is hypnotic. What I mean by this is: I hope that when Sherry is alone she is often experiencing deeper insights about who I am, who she is, and the nonverbal-hypnotic-inviting-animal magnetism that draws her to pursue me.

May the food, shelter, sexual gratification, emotional comfort, privacy, and even the mental stimulation — may it all blend and fuse together to be one mind, one presence whose center is my breathing.

All this psychic animal magnetism is the powerful realm of the UNCONSCIOUS. Even the coded lock on the front gate and the key to the Tank House in Sherry's pocket serves to intensify the mysterious realm of symbology. The long road, the gate, the code on the lock... greeted with a warm kiss, food, liquid, hot shower, etc... may this install a powerful sense of PRESENCE in Sherry's psyche!

And Sherry's presence too; it does have unconscious depths. Her animal magnetism also transmits nonverbal messages to me. Her presence is also intertwined with the comfort she brings to my existence. She also represents a safe, warm, emotionally comforting presence.



Now. About this ON/OFF thing: Because my job at the park puts little pressure on me, I am often able to feel as much inner peace while ON THE CLOCK as I do when I am OFF THE CLOCK. This helps to disintegrate the seven days per week, helping me to live life one day at a time, one moment at a time. It enables me to EXIST IN THE NOW, not putting my mind on 5PM or my next day off; but allowing me to be content to wonder in awe of existence any moment, ON or OFF.

M2869

3 December 1992

645AM THURSDAY

What is the definition of animal magnetism?
* animal magnetism: a force held to reside in some individuals by the emanation of which a strong quasi-hypnotic influence can be exerted.

Hypnosis resembles sleep, a kind of trance.

* trance: "a somnolent state, as of deep hypnosis.

2. a state of profound abstraction or

absorption: ECSTASY.

* absorption: entire occupation of the mind
interception of waves

* abstraction: a visionary idea, absence of mind

I like to know if I am using the proper terms. Sleep is the natural periodic state when one leaves consciousness, and the body's energy is restored. Last night I was in and out of sleep, and the dream impressions were so intense - it was as if a split second separated the two worlds: conscious/unconscious.

I would open my eyes and the dream imagery would be strong memory. When I closed my eyes I was instantly back in the realm of sleep. My writing last night had a hypnotic influence on my mind.

I hope WWR and the rest of Schopenhauer's books hypnotize its information into my Memory.

So ANIMAL MAGNETISM is a force. Is it "THE FORCE"? Animal magnetism is a force that resides IN some INDIVIDUALS. It exerts a quasi-hypnotic influence. I would guess that animal magnetism does not put people to sleep, but may influence the dream impressions of the sleepers. It may in fact transmit abstract visions to other minds, causing a trance-like absorption.

Of course, everyone must sleep eventually, and while their energy is being restored, animal magnetism can leave impressions on their UNCONSCIOUS mind as well as their CONSCIOUS mind.

I may have subconsciously influenced people in the social fabric by way of my own ANIMAL MAGNETISM. It could be the reason why I enjoy such a convenient WORK residence set up.

My animal magnetism may have actually drawn, pulled Sherry to me by way of some invisible current. This is no game. This force is UNCONSCIOUS, but I may be able to utilize it.

M2870

4 December 1992

7AM FRIDAY

I was awake until 230AM on the phone with Sherry. I was reading my favorite part of The World As Will and Representation after I washed and wiped the Jetta, and after I ate Calamari for dinner. On the phone, Sherry accused me of not being interested in anything she is into: UFO's, beliefs in spirits, art, dancing, horses.

I used my intellect to dispute her simplistic comments. Because she used words like everything, everything, anything I attacked her statements as being false. I then told her that her nightmares were a manifestation of her actual fear of the NIGHTMARE OF EXISTENCE. I went on to explain my PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHY, how I view life as a nightmare, how I see it as an experience to be endured, how I avoid pain rather than seeking happiness.

I basically recited to her some of the central themes of Schopenhauers Philosophy. She was in tears, she said she felt sorry for me, she said that our love had no place in my philosophy - that our love is mocked as a joke. She has many doubts about me. She questions my love for her.

She said some things that made me think she has been seriously considering that she may have made a mistake, that she may want to turn back and try to end our relationship gracefully. She said,

"If it just doesn't work out between us, at least be happy for the times we spent together. Or is it just a waste of time to you?"

I replied, "If it doesn't work out, the memory of holding you in my arms will not serve as a comfort; no, it will only serve to torment me... another demon in my hell."

I wonder if she knew what she was getting into? She feared my hermitic lifestyle from the beginning - she feared Schopenhauer. Now she discovers that my intellect does not yield. It attacks with no mercy to defend its arguments in favor of pessimism. One day she may tell me to choose between philosophy or love. Why would I have to choose if not just because it ruins her idea

of an unbelievably perfect relationship? 4 Dec p. 2

Now it is 7:35AM and I will soon be putting my work uniform on to put in 4 hours at the Park. I will then take the rest of the day off to go to the bank, the foodstore, and probably meet back at the house with Sherry.

How do I feel about all this? I can see that I am very far into Schopenhauer's pessimistic philosophy, deeper into it than I suspected, and it is frustrating my relationship with Sherry. She suspects I regret meeting her, that she somehow represents a mistake to me, that I was on a path, I had it all figured out, and now she has become an obstacle preventing me from reaching SALVATION THROUGH OVERCOMING THE WILL TO LIVE.

Even if this were true, it does not change the fact that I am very attached now to Sherry. I guess I will have to deal with her fears.

My pessimism has a disturbing effect upon our relationship. The dark color of Schopenhauers philosophy has made a permanent impression on my mind, but it is too dark and too melancholy for Sherry to "deal with". She would not want to live her life in the midst of such a dismal view of life.

So now I am forced to deal with the situation. Even though it is not a problem to me, the conflict between Schopenhauers Philosophy and the unbelievable love Sherry is after; it is a problem to her - and that means it is OUR PROBLEM.

So I will face it and try to come up with a solution.

How do I continue my studies in pessimism without causing Sherry to abandon me out of her fear of the dark color of my thoughts?

1230A
laund
be v
a p
own
inter
bu
leaf
delic

I do enjoy writing diaries, and even though they may be redundant - Schopenhauer, and now Sherry too - I still enjoy the process of writing what goes on in my brain and breast. It is special to me to experience the "creature feeling" when I become distinctly aware of the cells, the organs, the fluids, the sensory receptors, the brain as neurological transmitter.

Sherr
cont
sho
an
be
even
I
men
fre
dis

It matters little if I am recognized in our community as an intelligent philosopher. It matters not at all if I am one of the more intelligent specimens or not. I am a human being who has learned the language of his culture well enough to communicate the reflections he has ON HIS EXISTENCE.

Writing a diary is a practice that enhances my inner life, and it could be not only a family treasure, but it could serve as an artifact if it is preserved. It is certainly a personal treasure as it is a trail of the impressions left on my psyche.

8 December page 2
I am "ON THE CLOCK". I don't think
I earn enough money to support a
wife, but for now I do get alot of
comfort and affection with Sherry, my
female companions. Marriage does frighten
me, and I am sure Sherry is not
ready to walk out of the economical
womb of her parents care. It is her
life line. Whereas my life line is this
job.

During the work day I am faced
with isolation and a great lack of
supervision. If I do not motivate
myself I can get into bad habits
of "just going through the motions",
"killing time", etc.

Whatever happens, I exist in my
skin. I am becoming one with
this "set up". When OFF THE CLOCK
I just eat, sleep, and pass time with Sherry.

When ON THE CLOCK, I am serving time.
Without Sherry I would somehow manage
to survive without going insane, as
I would survive even if I went
insane; but were I to lose this
job I am sure I would not
discover a set up as perfect as the
one I am in now.

With all the overpopulation and
development in this area, I am
truly existing within the boundaries
of a real life SANCTUARY. I have
so much rope I will have to be
careful not to hang myself.

Even though I have close to
zero supervision, I would be wise
to be where I am supposed to be
doing something to justify my earning
a living off the tax payers money.
Does ethics matter in this situation,
or is it wise to take advantage of opportunities
to REST IN PEACE

M2875 8 December page 4

1220PM TUESDAY

As long as I am OFF, I am very relaxed. Not even my paranoid conscience bothers me. But when I am ON THE CLOCK, the only time I truly relax is during my midday break. If I am alone, I love to come into the house, take my shoes off, have lunch, then write, read, or nap. If Jim or Bill work, then I usually eat with them - unless Sherry is over.

I sometimes worry about the assistant regional superintendant Jim Wiles. He seems to take liberty in relaxation; in fact I suspect he wants to have his office on the second floor of the Cobb House so as to be able to relax, space out, and daydream without being observed. I sense he perceives the opportunity here (housed in Tank House/work place in Central Supply) to really indulge in unchecked rest and relaxation.

I often wonder if people indeed wonder what it is I do, besides cleaning.

62
The ideal situation would be as CARETAKER. Then my responsibilities would involve being the PRESENCE of the STATE here on the state park lands; whereas now I feel the pressure to justify my employment by manual labor duties throughout the day. When middle management spaces out, it's called thinking — and this is their job. When I think, it's called goofing off or spacing out.

Subconsciously I am becoming more and more relaxed. I am not as nervous, not as paranoid, not as much of a people pleaser. I understand completely that this set up is on the verge of being a racket, a government position, and if I spend all my time feeling guilty or paranoid, what good is it to be here in a low stress niche?

Am I spoiled? Has this set up helped me to relax and not feel I need to run myself into the ground to feel good about myself? Have I found a hiding place, a hide out?

M2877

10 December 1992

215AM THURSDAY

after we ate dinner we lie on the sofa at Sherri's. Because an obnoxious friend of Craig's came over, we went up to her bedroom for privacy at 930PM. We curled up and slept until 130AM.

As I went to my car, drove home, open/closed the gate, parked the car in the garage, and went into the Tark House, I learned many lessons from the ancient winter cold - what it whispered to me (my blood and bones vibrated with gratitude).

I want to try to stop joking so much about how easy my job is, or what a great SET UP I have here. This relationship I have with the State gives me life. It sustains my very existence!

Bill Albert taught me how to use both the wood sign machine and the plastic sign machine. Now I have a little more job security. Once I pass the Specialist 2 test and get that promotion, I will be more securely tied to my position at Monmouth Battlefield State Park. There is no denying that my situation is an ideal position in our civilization, but it is certainly no joke. It is very serious.

Even though I may believe that life is a disagreeable affair and that it may have been better not to have been born at all, even if I may believe nonexistence is preferable to existence, as I am now a living breathing biological organism, self preservation is my primary concern — and this concern is maintained on a daily basis through my relationship with the sociological organization, the State.

Therefore, the biological individual is connected to the sociological through necessity. Now if it is true that the intellectual is a higher form of evolution than the social, then it will be recognized that I can still remain a freethinker even though my dependance upon society as a biological organism is apparant.

May I walk with gratitude and respect, but may I also allow the intellect to philosophize ~~when~~^{after} the biological demands are met

7AM Thursday

There is a prayer-like voice in my head. I feel I will doze back to sleep if I don't drink 3 mugs of coffee. What does the prayer like voice say? With my head bowed upon my hands, which are folded - elbows on table, the voice says, "May I not be so proud, so talkative, so concerned with declaring what I believe or disbelieve, so opinionated. I can actually keep my opinions to myself."

I find it difficult not to argue when I have thought deeply upon the subject matter, so I have alot to say about it... like belief in the concept of an anthropomorphic creator, architect, engineer, mechanic, and disciplinarian of the cosmos.

How did the Orient do away with God so easily? Not only Judeo-Christian peoples, but local Muslims, and even New Age Spiritualists are into all sorts of practices and beliefs that go against empirical evidence. My one soft spot is for Native American spirituality. It is difficult for me to renounce the Great Spirit, the spirit-mind, the Grandfathers of the Universe, or shamanism.

a healthy retreat from the science/church conflict would be Carl Jung's "UNCONSCIOUS MIND" concept, which sheds light upon the truth that lurks beneath the allagory of spiritual doctrines.

If I can accept these truths that are explained in spiritual doctrines, even if I totally reject them as empirical facts, I may be able to be more patient with those who hold mythological symbolism to be factual.



Now. Because of the cold I really appreciate the heated house with food stored in its kitchen. I appreciate the Carhart coveralls, the face mask, and gloves.

I also appreciate the body love of my female companion. To curl beside her puts me in an extremely comfortable state of mind, almost making existence worthwhile, pleasurable, and secure, and yet I know security is absurd, which makes me cling even tighter?

M2880 13 December 1992

630PM SUNDAY

I am now at my sisters house on Shibanoff Road. I spent the night here last night, and I will spend the night here again tomorrow this night. I really hope the electrical power is restored to the Tark House sometime tomorrow. If it is not, I may be sleeping at my mom's in her basement.

The winter storm began Thursday night, with 90 mph winds that ripped apart a tool shed, tore the roof off the pole barn, and knocked over many trees and power lines. Sherry and I slept in the Tark House Friday night, but we abandoned it as the temperature inside was 50°, no water, and food rotting in the refrigerator. I was able to salvage yams, 2 3/4 chickens, the \$8.00 roast, some vegetables, bacon, and eggs, but I lost about \$30.00 worth of groceries. When power is restored, I will make a trip to the food store.

There are dirty dishes in the sink, clothes in the washing machine, boots soaking wet, and alot of cleaning needed to be done in the Tank House. What I need is hot water, heat from oil burner, heat on stove and oven, heat in dryer, and light and electricity for all the other comforts I am used to.

ELECTRICITY is what makes a house a modern encapsulation chamber. I also need electricity for store food in a cold place.

Without the electricity I am a dirty, hungry organism, a rodent.

Without the Tank House I rely on either my mother's house or my sister's house.

The loss of electricity puts me in my place. The loss of my job (equals the loss of my house) would be devastating.



I was pleased to be able to cook the two chickens, yams, and vegies for myself, Sherry, Tami, Joe, and Joey. I would have lost them. We also ate the \$8.00 Rump Roast tonight for dinner.

I hope I get ELECTRICITY back on soon. I will have to withdraw at least \$80 from bank for groceries: milk, eggs, coffee, pancake mix, ground beef, hot dogs, bread, peanut butter, chicken, pasta, etc...

By January I will be almost broke, so I have to save for car insurance. after which I will restock the kitchen with food.

Sherry fears pregnancy, I need to buy more condoms. What worries me is, "if I have to scrimp to buy condoms, how would I afford a wife and child?"

Sherry and I will want to be careful not to overwhelm ourselves with the burdens?

M2884 15 December 1992

740AM TUESDAY

I am content to be alone in the morning. I like to rise with coffee, some breakfast, some writing... I think all that serving Sherry will be balanced by a more "if you want to sleep instead of eating breakfast, just go ahead and sleep".

Actually I am much more content to eat alone and write in the morning rather than rush around, serve, and cook.

I feel a change coming on. I will be less subservient towards Sherry. She is spoiled by images of American ladies, and I am worsening the situation by pampering her.

Life is serious business.

I wish I could somehow get Sherry to be more Buddhistic or Eastern Minded rather than so New Age and corrupted by the Madonnas and materialistic "ladies" who want men to be FOOLS.

I do not mean to say here that I will be the typical male chauvinist who expects his female companions to be meek and obedient.

I merely desire love AND respect from Sherry, and while I will ^{of course} care for her needs as I would my own, I do not want a spoiled woman to be making my existence more burdensome than it has to be.

I will be tender, compassionate, and caring without being a fool, without being the servant of a princess.

I am no Jew. I am not a male chauvinist either. I am a German American who is very much a follower of Arthur Schopenhauer. I have fallen in love. I happen to cook and care for myself, and because of this I do not need a woman to cook and clean for me. I will continue to care for myself, and I will care for her too, but I would like her to respect me and care for me also.